

Neoteric

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Summary: Hiccup didn't believe in such things as mythical creatures. He was a teenaged technician, skilled in blacksmithing. Such things as dragons or trolls didn't exist. He was wrong. (Modern AU)

1. Chapter 1

**Shameless advertising: How To Train Your Dragon 2 was absolutely incredible. **

Neoteric

A redheaded teen in a loose green t-shirt and brown pants leaned his cheek against his right palm and with his left he doodled in his favorite notebook. The teacher in front of the white board yammered on but he ignored the instructor. Today was the last day of junior year and he'd be out on summer vacation in less than an hour. Other than reviewing the exams and reminding the students not to spend too much time on electronic devices, none of his teachers had said anything important. He couldn't wait for the relative freedom of summer vacation.

Not soon enough, the bell eventually rang. Students sitting in the rows in front of him shot out of their seats and scrambled with their stuff. Some were out of the room in ten seconds flat while others lingered to chat with the teacher. Smiling, he hurried to gather his items and stuffed them into his satchel. He straightened and exited the room.

"_We're free!"_

"-and did you _see _when I-"

"-summer vacation, baby!"

"C'mon, _c'mon_!"

"-insanely awes-

"-but I declined and-

Mostly indistinguishable noise and cheers rushed past him as he slipped through the chaotic crowd, only the occasional bits here and there were understandable as his peers chattered. Soon he shuffled out of the crowd's flow and nearly tripped upon opening his locker. He simpered to himself and grabbed the rest of his books. Slinging his bag to his front, he flipped the cover and shoved the textbooks inside.

He paused when his eyes alighted upon one of his drawings taped to the inside of his locker door. His latest, and most mocked, design. The image depicted two plain humans with arms stretched to the side. One of the humans faced forwards and from the undersides of the arms to the human's hips was an imitation of the wings on a flying squirrel. The other human was the same as the first only faced sideways to illustrate the fish like fins on its back. He hoped that the combination of imitating the mammal's wings and a fish's fins would allow for gliding and possibly steering in the air.

He sighed and tugged the paper off the metal. He planned to create the outfit over the summer, he just wished he wasn't teased mercilessly for working on seemingly silly things in a blacksmith when he should be focusing more on colleges but... Green eyes wandered upwards.

He just yearned to fly.

Rolling his shoulders and folding the paper, accidentally crinkling it in his hand, he pulled out his brown notebook from his satchel and slid the design between the pages. Snorting to himself and shaking his head, he closed the locker door. Summer was here, he had plenty of time to fret about his future or he could, say, work on his dreams.

He grinned and merged with the surging crowd.

~oOo~

The weight of his satchel pressed down on his shoulder and fallen leaves crunched beneath his boots. Cars rumbled past and trees planted within squares on the sidewalk swayed amongst the breeze. Absently, the seventeen year old turned a corner and sidestepped a chattering couple then weaved through the crowd on the busy street.

His home was a populace city located along the coast where individuals of all sorts gathered. Between the airplanes, bridges, public transportation and cars, almost anybody could travel to Berk if they wanted to and many people did.

But for some reason he couldn't fathom, he still didn't fit in.

"Hey _Hiccup!" _A familiar voice shouted and the scrawny teen groaned.

He was on _vacation!_ He shouldn't have to deal with his jerk of a

cousin. Even so, he reluctantly slowed his pace and waited for the buff teen to catch up to him.

The black haired boy sneered. "Where ya goin' in such a hurry?"

_Yeah, no, _Hiccup sighed internally and thought, _with that tone, I'm not sticking around._

"Getting away from you." He snarked and quickened his stride.

"Oh ho ho ho," a broad hand slammed down on his shoulder and he winced, forced to stop. "The twins and I want to show you something"

His stomach churned. Whenever the Thorston twins and his Jorgenson cousin worked together, there could only be bad things hurling his way.

_And speaking of hurling... _Hiccup's eyes narrowed.

He batted off the hand and spun on his heels to glare at his cousin. "Snotlout, whatever it is, can it wait? I need to go to the forge."

The black haired boy's nose scrunched. "Why do you always go there?" He rolled his eyes as his cousin continued and pressed a burly palm against his back, steering him in the opposite direction of the forge. "Doesn't matter. You're gonna _love _this."

He twisted away from the bulky teen and returned to his original path. "No I'm not. I never do."

"Hiccup, _c'mon._"

"Leave me alone!" He dodged the hand and sprinted into the crowd, ignoring the annoying shouts for him to stop.

He had an invention to create.

~oOo~

Green eyes alighted upon the glowing sign and when the red letters indicating the arrival time of his ticket home scrolled by, he flashed out his transportation card to the sensors and sprinted between the opening doors and down a set of stairs. Just as his train slid to a stop he leaped off the bottom step, landed, faltered in his balance, but managed to upright himself and slip through the twin doors just before they slid shut. His gaze swept through the fairly vacant space and he smiled to himself.

Looks like I've got breathing room this time around.

The rumble of the train vibrated through the soul of his boots and spidered up his legs, stopping just below his shins. Unsteady on his feet, he leaned against the closed door for support, easing slightly as the train's momentum reverberated against his spine. Soon he'd be curled up on the couch, doodling in his home.

The screech of the train as it lumbered forwards on the tracks stung

his ears and he fumbled for his mp3 player. As he tugged the device out of his satchel, (he kept everything in there) he heard the stairs screaming as they descended and soon he stumbled as the train lurched to a stop and the doors opened with a whoosh.

"-excuse me-

"-hope I'm not-

"-you just run a marathon?"

"Hello, can you hear-

He popped in his earbuds to mute the rising chatter as strangers swarmed into the train. Rush hour had arrived, it seemed.

Aaaaand there goes my breathing room. He sighed.

He hadn't gotten as far in creating his invention as he would have liked. Turns out, there were plenty of kinks in the design that needed to be tweaked. He couldn't build his version of wings just yet. Forest green eyes wandered to the window just as familiar trees and wooden buildings whizzed past. Absently fiddling with the earbud in his right ear, he reached with his left to tug on the string suspended across the windows of the train. With the downward motion, a sign on the train's wall became lit.

The speaker crackled with the operator's voice. "Now stopping at Hairy Hooligan street."

The train slowed and the doors opposite to him slid open. He pushed off the closed doors against his back, wedged his way through the slightly packed crowd, and tromped down the stairs. He hopped off the last step and landed on the paved platform located near the middle of the street. As the doors clunked shut behind him and the train rumbled down the metal rails, he glanced at the streets to check for incoming cars.

Seeing none, his neighborhood was a relatively calm place, he stepped off the platform and strolled across the street. Once he was on the sidewalk, he turned a corner and headed to his house.

~oOo~

Note: I'm not sure how far I'll go with this but after watching How To Train Your Dragon 2 I felt inspired to write something.

2. Chapter 2

Neoteric

"Dad!" Hiccup swung open the door, calling. "I'm home!"

A faint greeting answered him. The door clicked shut behind him as his boots padded across the wooden floor. He could hear the murmur of the television in the living room, steadily increasing in volume and clarity as he walked down the hallway.

An unfamiliar voice narrated. "...no problem with the foul, but that's a yellow card..."

Approaching a doorway to his right, he peered in to spy his hulking father leaning forwards in his favorite wooden chair, watching the television with a narrowed gaze. Absently, he scrapped his plan to chill on the couch since the man would be hogging the room for hours.

"Careful there, Dad," the teen rolled his eyes, "you just might melt the TV with a stare like that."

"-wondering how he missed that first shot-

The red bearded man snorted as he replied shortly. "We're winning."

Hiccup wandered closer to his seated father to watch the camera zoom in on one of the player's faces. "Is soccer _really _that interesting?"

"-here in the high humidity-

The red haired man scowled and tightened his grip on the remote, raising the volume. His son lifted his hands into the air with another roll of his eyes.

"Okay, okay, don't bother the couch potato. Gotcha." He swiveled on his heels and re-entered the hallway.

He shuffled further down the hall and emerged into the plain kitchen. His father was a grump bump when it came to interruptions during big games. He loved sports but Hiccup just couldn't see the appeal of watching sweaty people run around.

_Just another thing we don't agree on. _He shrugged to himself. _So long as he doesn't drag me to another game, then we're good._

Forest green eyes swept across the stove, washing machine, and settled on the prize of the room: the fridge. Smiling to himself, he opened the fridge door and grasped a tin foil wrapped chicken on a plate.

Distantly, the narrator continued. "Bit of a sloppy one, to be honest with you..."

Placing the chicken atop the counter, he removed the shiny material. "Hey, Dad!" He shouted over the TV. "I'm heating up dinner! Want any?"

"-at the break..." the volume lowered and footsteps plodded closer.

Hiccup gasped. "The couch potato moves!"

He rifled through a cabinet and pulled out a knife to cut the chicken. Although he didn't eat much, (and with his slender figure, his peers called him a 'fishbone') he knew his father would inhale the rest of the meat. He sliced part of the meat then tugged on the chicken leg with his left hand, the other holding the chicken in

place.

A low chuckle and the sudden ruffling of his hair brought a frown to the teen's face. "Commercial time."

The teen ducked beneath the hand and successfully freed the leg. He smiled in triumph and placed it back on the plate. Turning, he side-stepped his massive father and stuffed the chicken into the microwave. As his left hand poked the numbers on the microwave before tapping 'start', his father ambled behind him and gathered a plate and utensils. The microwave hummed in the background.

"So," the man began, "how was school?"

"Eh," Hiccup snagged some napkins, "it was fine. How was work?"

"Fine."

Sensing a rising atmosphere of awkwardness, Hiccup fumbled for something to say. "Has Oswald renewed the contract yet?"

"Did so during the meeting today."

"Oh, uh...that's good."

Though why two car company owners would agree to a contract partnering their businesses when they should be competitors didn't make any sense to him. But every year for as long as he had known Oswald and the nice guy's insane son, they renewed that odd contract.

A beep saved him from further embarrassment and he rushed to the microwave. After opening the door, he grasped the heated plate chicken and placed it beside the empty plate. With a fork, he stabbed some of the meat and chicken leg and plopped them on the nearby plate. He simpered as his father patted him on the back, took his own plate and fork, and returned to the living room. Hiccup tossed out the tin foil, lifted his own meal, and moseyed to the hallway.

"Hiccup!"

He paused. "Yeah?"

"We're going to the ranch this weekend."

The auburn haired teen hesitated at the base of the stairs. Slowly, the corner of his lips quirked upwards. Going to his father's ranch meant taking care of the farm animals. Although he wasn't fond of cleaning up after the creatures, (because really, who would be?) he did enjoy caring for the horses. Horses meant horseback riding and horseback riding meant hours of an adrenaline rush. Plus, the ranch had a blacksmith so he could continue his quirky inventions.

"Good to know. How long are we staying?"

"About two weeks."

His smile sharpened into a grin.

That was _more _than enough time to work on the flight suit...

~oOo~

Bracing a palm against his cheek, Hiccup pushed aside the remains of his meal and idly flicked his pencil as a website loaded. Lazily, his gaze drifted from the laptop to survey his room. Little figurines of dragons, some that he himself crafted and others given to him as gifts, littered the shelves. Other trinkets and devices created by his ingenuity, or madness as some would argue, lurked haphazardly on the floor. His favorite though were the dragons, even though he knew no such creatures ever existed. But hey, while his father could carve a strikingly realistic wooden duck, he could forge a fire-breathing metal dragon. As a matter of fact, he did that once...

And nearly burnt down the entire forge at his family's ranch. Afterwards he was banned from messing with gasoline and his workstation became required to have several buckets of water prepared, just in case another 'hiccup' occurred. His nose scrunched. Really, though, it wasn't like he was trying to be a walking hazard.

The pencil clattered to the floor. Sighing, he focused on the laptop and brightened. He tapped away, scribbled notes and doodles, and scrolled through various sites until hours passed and he finally noticed the time.

He hissed. "That late already?"

The seventeen year old glanced at his cluttered desk then the cluttered room. Whoo boy, he'd be lucky to traverse the floor without tripping over one of his gadgets and injuring himself. Although his clumsiness gradually decreased with age, he still needed to improve the awful coordination of his feet. Green eyes returned to the beckoning screen. Sagging his shoulders, (there was still so much to read!) he bookmarked all the sites and saved all his documents then closed them and turned off his computer.

"Well," he smiled to himself as the glow faded. "At least I can sleep in tomorrow."

~oOo~

Note: I should probably warn you all, I'm an inconsistent and slow updater and there's no guarantee that I'll finish this. (We'll see...)

Otherwise, thank you to those who have reviewed, favorited, or followed this story, you encourage me to continue...**

End
file.